

The booke of Jaine made by Geoffrey Chaucer

Ode forme is every dreame to good;
For it is wonder thynge by the wode;
To my lyte / what causeth sleuynge
On the morewe / or on euynge
And why thessed foloweth of some
And of some it shal neuer come
Why that it is a visyon
And why thys / a truelacion
Why thys a dreame / why that a sleuynge
And not to every man / lyke euen
Why thys a fanton / why they oracles
I note / but who so of thys myracle
The causes knowe bet than I
Deuynne he / for I certaynly
Ne can hem not ne neuer thynke
To kepe my lyte / for to sleuynge
To knowe of her signyfycacions
The gendres ne dystynacions
Of the tymes of hem ne the causes
Or why thys is more than that is
Or yef folkes complexions
Make hem dreame of reflexions
Or ellis thus as other seyne
For the grete feblenes of her brynne
By abseynece / or by feblenes
Eryson / streyf / or grete dysure
Or ellis by dysordynance
Or naturel accustomedance
That some men be to curpous
In studye / or melancolous
Or thus / so myl ful of drede
That noman may hym toke wode
Or ellis that deuocion
Of some / and contemplanon
Causen such dreames ofte
Or that the cruel lyf insofte

That thus that lones being
Of hym mocke or deray
That surely her impressions
Causen him to haue visions
Or yf sprites haue the myght
To make felt to dreame on nyght
Or yf the soule of proper kynde
Be so perfyght as may fynde
That it knowe / what is to come
And that he warneth alle and some
Of eueryche of her auentures
By anyspens or by segures
But that our flessh hath no myght
To vnderstande it a nyght
For it is warned to dreake
But why the cause is / not knowe
Wel worth of thys thyng clerkis
That trefen of that and of other werkis
For I of none oppynyon
Not as nowte / make mencion
But only that the holy we
Come vs euery dreame to goode
For neuer syth I was born
He noman els me byforn
Mette I trolbe stedfastly
So wonderfull a dreame / as did I
t He tenth day of decembre
The whyche as I can remember
I wyl make inuocacion
Wyth a deuoute special deuocion
Unto the god of slepe anon
That dwellyth in a caue of stone
Upon a secrete that cometh fro heu
That is a shode ful sustene
Besyde a folke that may clepe comen
That slepeth by thys god of dunce
Wyth his slepy thousand sonnes
That alle they to slepe / her boon is

And to thys god / that I of wds
 praye that he lyke me speke
 My seruens for to take a ryght
 Yef ony dreme stonde in hys myght
 And he that mouer is of al
 That is and was / and ever shal
 So geue hem joye that it be
 Or alle that they dreme to geue
 And for to stande alle in grace
 Of her lues / or in what place
 That hem were leuest for to stonde
 And shelde hem / from pouerte & shonde
 And from euery vnhapp and dysese
 And sende hem that may hem please
 That taketh wel / and scorneth nought
 He it mysdeme in her thowght
 Thurgh malicions intencion
 And he thurgh hys presumption
 Or hate / or scorne / or thurgh enuye
 Despyte . or jape / or felonye
 Mysdeme it / pray I ihesus good
 Dreme he barefoot or dreme he shood
 That euer harme / that ony man
 Hath had syth the world began
 Befalle hym therof / or he sterue
 And graunte / that he may it deserue
 To wyth such a conclusion
 As had of hys bysion
 Cresus / that was kynge of lyda
 That he byon a gyfet dyde
 Thys praye shal he haue of me
 I am no better in charyte
 n Oly herkene as I haue you seyde
 What that I mette / or I abyde
 Of drembe the tenth daye
 When it was nyght to slepe I saye
 Ryght as I was wont to done
 And fyl a slepe / wonder sone

As he that was there for go
On pilgrimage miles two
To the corps of seynt leonard
To make the lythe that erst was hard
But as I slepe / me mette I was
Wythin a temple y made of glas
In wyche / there were no ymages
Of gold / standyng in dyuers stages
And no ryche tabernacles
And wyth perle / no pynnacles
And no ryche portretures
And queynt maner of fygures
Of gold werke / than I salbe euer
For certeynly I nyte neuer
Where that I was / but wel wyte I
It was of Venus redely
The temple for in portreture
I salbe anone her fygure
Naked fletyng in a see
And also on her hede pards
Rose garlandes smellynge as a mede
And also fleyng aboute her hede
Her dooues / and dan Cupido
Her blynde sone / And Iliano
That in hys face was ful brollyn
But I comed by and dollyn
I fonde that on a wal there was
Thus wyrtten on a table of bras
I wyl now synge of that I can
The armes and also the man
That fyrst cam thurgh hys destyne
Fugytyf fro Troie / the contre
In to Iapete wyth moche pyne
Unto the sekondes of laupne
And tho began the seyme anon
As I shal telle you eke on
Fyrst salbe I the destruction
Of Troie thurgh the grete Synon

Wyth hys fals Untrelve forsweryng
And wyth hys chere and hys lesyng
Made the hors/brought in to Troie
By whiche Troiane loste theyr Joye
And after this was graued alas
Holt ylion assailed was
And Ioune/and hys Pryamus slain
And plyt hys sone arctayn
Despytously of dan prius
And next that/salb I holt Venus
Whan that she salbe the castel brende
Dolyn from heuen she gan descende
And had her sone/Eneas flee
And holt he fled/and holt that he
Escaped was/from alle the pries
And toke hys fader olde Anchyses
And dore hym on hys back alwey
Eryenge alas/and welealwey
The whiche Anchises in hys hand
Bare tho the goddess of the land
Esplike/that vnbrennyd were
Thenne salb I next in al this fere
Holt Creusa daun Eneas wyf
Whom that he loued as hys lyf
And her yonge sone iul
And eke askanius also
Fledde eke wyth dier chere
That it was pyte for to here
And in a forest as they went
At a turnyng of a bent
Holt Creusa was y loste/alas
That eede note I holt it was
Holt he her sought/and holt her ghoost
Gad hym fle the grekes hoost
And seyde he most in to stayle
As was hys destyne/saune fayle
That it was pyte for to here
Whan her spyrte gan appere

And thus / that he hym selfe for
 And for to kepe her some the poynt
 Ther salbe I graunte eke / hold he
 Dye fader alle ande hys myght
 Wyth hys shyppe gan to sayle
 Toward the cōtre of Janyke
 As strenght as that they myght go
 Ther salbe I eke / the cruel june
 That art day Jubiters wyf
 That hast hated alle thy luf
 Like the Troian blood
 Renne ande crye as thou wert woode
 On Eolus the gode of wyndes
 To shlowe out of alle kyndes
 So holde that he shold dreche
 Lady. lady. grome. ande wench
 Of alle the troians nation
 Wythout ony of her sauacion
 Ther salbe I such tempest aryse
 That every hert myght agryse
 To see hys peyned on the wal
 Ther salbe I eke graunte wyth al
 Venus / hold ye my lady dete
 Weppynge wyth ful woful chere
 Praynge Jubiter on hys
 To saue ande kepe that nauye
 Of that Trogean Eneas
 Spth that he her some was
 Ther salbe I Joves ande Venus myght
 Ande graunted was of the tempest myght
 Ther salbe I hold the tempest stonde
 Ande hold wyth peyne he wende
 Ande pryncely wike a yuange
 In the cōtre of Carthage
 Ande on the more / hou that he
 Ande a knyght that hight Acha
 Ande wyth Venus that daye
 Ande in a queyns anoye

As she had to an huntresse
With bynde sholpynge her tresse
Ande hold Eneas began to pleyne
Whan he knelede her/of hys payne
Ande hold hys shippes dreyned were
Or ellis y lost he nyte were
Hold she gan hym comforte the
Ande had hym to Carthage go
Ande there he shold hys folke fynde
That in the see were left behynde
Ande shortly of thys thyng to passe
She made Eneas so in grace
Of Dido quene of that contree
That shortly for to tellen/she
Became hys loue/and lede hym to
Alle that weddyngs longeth to
What shold I speke more queynt
Or payne/my wordes to payne
To speke of loue/if wyl not be
I can not of that fraunte
Ande eke to tellen of the manere
How they first acquaynted were
It were a longe processe to telle
Ande ouer longe for yow to dwelle
Eter salbe I graue/hold Eneas
Told to Dido eueri mas
That hym was tyd vpon the see
Ande ete graue was hold that she
Made of hym shortly at a word
Her lye/her loue/her lust/her lord
Ande dyde to hym alle reuerence
Ande leyde on hym alle dyspence
That any womman myght do
Wynnyng alle hys had he so
As he her more ande better demed
That he was good/for he such semed
Alas what harme doth appaunce
Whan it is fals in existance

It is for a dayfour was
For she sholde her self adoe
As with a woman doth amys
To loue hym that Unknothy is
For every tresser thus it sayth
It is not all golde that glaryth
For also beolde I myn her
That may be vnder goodlyhed
Couerd many a shrewd byr
Therefore be no byght so nyg
To take a loue only for chere
Or for speche or frendely maner
For thus shal every woman fynde
And slybere/hold he is Unkynde
Or fals prouyd/or double was
Alle thys saye I by Eneas
And dido/and her next loste
That buyd a to some a ghostr
Therefore I wyl saye o prouerbe
That he that fully knolde the herbe
May sauely lepe it to his eye
Wythouten drede that is no lye
But lette vs speke of Eneas
Holt he betrayed her alas
And left her ful Unkynde
So when she alle salbe vnder
That he wold her of trouthe saye
And wende for her in to Mayke
She began to wyngre her handes ffor
Alas quod she/that myn her is was
Alas is every man thus trewe
That every yere wyl haue a newe
Of hys so long tyme endure
Or ellis thre prauenture
And thus of one she wyl haue fame
In magnyfyng hys owne name
And her for frendshyp seyth he
And yet that the thyng be

That is taken / for delyte
So or els for synguler prouffyte
In such wordes gan compleyne
Dido / of her grete payne
As me mette / dreynynge redely
None other auctour alege wyll I
Alas quod she my swete herte
Haue pyte of my sorowles smerte
And she me not / go not alway
O woful Dido / welealway
Quod she / to her self tho
O Eneas what wyll ye do
O that houe / ne oth ne pour honde
That ye shoue wyth your ryght honde
Ne my cruel deth quod she
May hold you styll wyth me
O haue ye of my deth pyte
I wyll my olde deth herte ye
Knowe ful wel that neuer yet
As fer as euer I had wyte
Agyle you in thought ne in dede
O men haue ye such goodly dede
In speche / and neuer a deale in trouthe
Alas / that euer had trouthe
O my woman / on a fals man
Holbe I see wel and telle can
We wretchyd hymmen can no arte
For certayn for the more part
Thus be they seruyd euerychone
Hold fore ye men can greue
Anon as be haue you receyved
Certaynly / be ye dysceyved
For though your houe laste a seshon
Wayte vpon the conclusion
And els hold ye detyrmyne
And for the more part dyspne
O welealway / that I was born
For thurgh you my name is born

My myn answere ande songe
Of thyse harte werye songe
Of loyngde fame / for thet myn
No thyng so softe / as se is
O syth euer thyng is wyse
Though it be couerde wyth the myse
Eke though I myght / endure cure
That I haue don / recover I neuer
That I ne shal be sayde / alas
Pshamede was thurgh Eneas
Ande that I shal thus jugede be
So / ryght as se hath now / se
Wyll done estones hardely
Thus seyth the peple pynely
But that is don / is not to done
But alle her compleynt / ne her mone
Certeyn awayleth not a ferre
Ande whan se wyse sothely / be
Was for in to hys shyp goon
Se in to her chamere wente amonge
Ande callede for her suster Anne
Ande beganne her to compleyne thanne
Ande sayde that for the cause was
That se so luede alas
Ande thus counseylyde se her to
But what whan thes sayde was ande do
Se wof her self to the berde
Ande so dede / thurgh her smerte
But alle the maner / how se dede
Ande alle the wordes how se seide
Who so to knowe / hath it in purpose
Keepe wyrgyle in Eneydos
Of the epyllle of Ouyde
What that se wrote / as se dede
Ande nere it were to longe trowde
O god I wolde it her wyte
But welauey / the harme ande woulde
That hath betyde for such vntowde

As may may ofte in booke red
And alway / it is yet in ded
That for to thynke it ten is
To Demophon / duff of Athens
Holt he forswore hym falsly
And traped Phillis wyckedly
That kynges doughter was of traie
And falsly gan hys arme pae
And when she wyse / that he was fars
She longe her self by the hals
For he had don her such entrollethe
To was not thys / a woo and wouthe
Eke holt holt fals and techles
Was to Grefeyda Achilles
And Paris to Denone
And Jason to yspyple
And eft Jason to Medea
And Hercules to Dionysa
For he left her for Polce
That made hym catche hys deith pards
Holt fals was eke Theseus
That as the story telleth us
Holt he betraped Adriane
The deupl he hys soule hane
For had he langed or solbride
He muste haue ben all deuouride
Yef that Adrian had not he
And for she had of hym pyte
She made hym from the deith escape
And he made her a ful fals Jape
For after thys / wythyn a wyple
He left her sleppng wythyn an yle
Desert allone wythyn the see
And stalle alway / and lette her be
And toke her suster / Medea the
Wyth hym / and gan to shyp go
And yet had he sworn to her
On alle that euer he myght sweer

For she saughe hym hys lyf
And wolde take her to hys wyf
For she despyde nothyng elsis
In oryghyn / as the booke doth tellis
But because this Eneas
Fulcherych of hys gode trespass
The booke sayth sauns faylle
The goddis had hym go to Japelle
And leuen Affryques regoun
And Dido and her sayr toun
Tho I salbe graue hou to ycapelle
Dan Eneas is goon to saylle
And hou the tempest al began
And hou he lost hys steresman
Whycher that the stern / or he toke stepe
Smote ouer the bordr / so er he lepe
And also saugh I hold sibyle
And Eneas besyde an yle
To helle wenten for to see
Hys fader Anchyses the fee
And hold he there fonde polymachus
And also Dido / and Depphobus
And euerych torment els in helle
Salbe he whycher no tonge can telle
Whycher / who so lyst to knowe
He muste rede many a rolle
In Virgyle / or in Claudian
Or daunt / that it tellen can
Eke salbe I eke alle the arruaylle
That Eneas had made in to ycapelle
And wyth kynge latyn hys trece
And alle the lataylles that he
Was at hym self / and alle hys knyghtis
Or he had alle yllonne hys ryghtis
And whan he turnus rest hys lyf
And whan laupna to hys wyf
And alle the meruayllous signas
Of the goddes alesepalis

Holb maugre Juno / Eneas
For alle her flygt and compass
Acheynd; alle hys auenture
For Iubiter toke on hym our
At the prayer of Venus
The I praye allway saue be
And; be aye of our sorowes lyght
Whan I had; alle seyn thys lyght
In thys noble temple thus
Up lord; / thought I that madest be
Yet salbe I neuer such noblesse
Of ymages / ner such rycheesse
As I salbe grauen in thys church
But not wote I / who dide hem wyche
Ne where I am ne in what contre
But anone I gan out see
Ryght at the wyket / yf I can
Seem oughwyt / ony steryng man
That wold; haue wold; where I am
Whan I out of the dore cam
I fast about me beheld
Then salbe I but a large feld
As fer as euer I myght see
Wythoute town / hous / or tree
Or hussles or gras / or erdy londe
For alle the feld was but of sonde
As smal as man may see at eye
In the deserte of lyke
Ne I no maner creature
That is fourmed; by nature
Ne salbe I / me to rede or wyse
O Cryshtought I / that art in blesse
From fanton / and; illusious
Me saue / and; wyth deuocious
Myn eye to the heuyn I caste
Tho was I wate / to at the laste
That fast by the sonne an hys
As hene myght I / wyth myn eye

the thought I saide my Eagle fore
But that it semed much more
Than I had any Eagle I saw
Thys is as soch / as deth ardeyn
It was of gold / and shone so bryght
That neuer salbe may such a syght
But yf the heuen had y lbonne
All the welde of gold another sonne
So shone the Eagles fathers bryght
And sone wolbulward gan it lpyght

Explicit liber primus
Incipit liber secundus

O bethkene every maner man
That ony maner of englyssh can
And listeneth / of my dreame to here
For at the fyrst / that ye here
So sely / and so dredeful a vision
That I sawe that neuer Sapion
Ne kynge Nabugodonosor
Pharo . Turnus . ne Eleanor
Ne metten such a dreame as thys
Nolde saye blyssful O cypris
So be my favour at thys tyme
That ye me endyte and ryme
Help ye that in yornaso dwelle
By syde Ekyon the clere well
O thought that wrot alle that I mette
And in the tresore it sette
Of my bryn / nolde that may see
Yf ony Vertu / in the be
To telle alle my dreame a ryght
Nolde wythe thyn engyn and myght
Thys Eagle / of whiche I nolde have told
That thys fathers shoon alle of gold
Whiche that so he gan to fore
I gan beholden more and more

To see her beaute / and the wonder
But neuer was ther dynce of thonder
Ne that thyng that myn alle folldre
That smyte sone a tour to polldre
And in hys swyft comyng frende
That so swyfte gan downelward descende
And this folble when I behelde
When I a colme was in the felde
And wyth hys grym palys stronge
Wyth in hys sharpe nayles longe
me felyng / at a swap he hente
And wyth hys sours / agayn vp wente
me caryng in hys clalbes starke
As lyghtly as I had seen a lark
Holt hye I can not telle yoll
For I can vp I nyte neuer holt
For so astoned and afflueued
That euery vertu in my hued
What wyth hys sours and my drede
That alle my felyng gan to dede
For why it was a grette affraye
Thus I longe / in hys clalbes laye
Tyl atte laste / he to me spack
In mannes voyce / and sayd alwake
And sayd he not agast so for shame
And calld me tho by my name
And for I shold better abreyde
me to awake / thus he seyd
Ryght in the same voyce and steuen
That he is one / that I can neuyn
And wyth that voyce soth to seyn
my mynde cam to me ageyn
For it was godely sayd to me
So was it neuer wont to be
And here wyth alle I gan to stee
As he me in hys feet stee
Tyl that he felt that I had herte
And felt eke tho myn herte herte

Ande tho gan he me to dyspoynt
Ande wyth gentyl wordes me conforde
Ande seyde wyth seynt Marye
Thou art anoyous thyng to carye
Ande nothyng nedeth it parye
For also wyth goddys helpe me
As thou no harme shal haue of thys
Ande thys was that letyd the is
Is for thy hore ande for thy prolye
Lette see darst thou like yet nolde
Be ful ensurede boldely
I am thy frende / ande therwyth I
Gan for to bondre in my mynde
O goddys quod I that madest alle kynde
Shal I none otherwyse dye
Whether Ioue wyll me stellye
Or what thyng may thys signefye
I am neither Enock ne Helye
Ne Romulus ne Ganemede
That were fore by as men rede
To heuen / wyth day Jubilee
Ande made the goddis tokele
So thys was thomy fantasye
But he that hure gan espye
That I so thought / ande seyde thys
Thou demest of thy self amys
For Ioue is not ther aboute
I dar the put ful out of doute
To make of the yet a sterre
But er I be the moche ferre
I wyll the telle what I am
Ande whither thou shalt ande why I am
To do thys so that thou take
Good herte / ande not for fere quake
Gladly quod I / nold wel quod he
First I that in my feet haue the
Of whom thou hast fere ande wonder
I am dwellyng / wyth the goddys of thowder

Whych men callen Iupiter
That doth me slem ful oft for
To do alle hys comandement
And for thys cause he hath me sent
To the / herke now by thy trouthe
Certeyn he hath of the wouth
That thou hast so truly
Longe scrupd; ententyfly
Hys blynde newelb Cupido
And sayr Venus also
Wyth oute guerdon euer yet
And netheles hast set thy wyt
Al though in thy hede / ful lytyl is
To make bookes . songes . or dittes
In tyme or ellis in Cadence
As thou best canst in reuerence
Of loue and of hys seruantis eke
That hane hys scrupse sought and seke
And paynest the to preyse hys arte
Al though thou haddest neuer parte
Wherfore also god; me blesse
Ioues holt hys grete humbleesse
And Vertu / eke thou dost wake
On nyght and makest thy hede ake
In thy study / so thou wrytest
And euermore of loue endytest
In honour of hym and preyfynge
And in hys folkes furthfynge
And in her mater alle dryfest
And not hym ne hys folk despisest
Alke though thou mayst go in the daunce
Of hem that hym lyst not auaunce
Wherfore as I seyde ylbys
Iupiter considereth wel thys
And also beausire of other thyngis
That is / thou hast no tydynge
Of lues folk / yf they be glade
As of nothyng els / that god; made

And not only for for contré
That no tidynge comen to the
Not of thy very neyghbours
That dwelley almost at thy doris
Thou herest neyther that ne thy
For when thy labour alle don is
And hast made alle thy rekenyngis
In stede of rest and of newe thyngis
Thou goest home / to thy hous anon
And also dumber as a stone
Thou sittest at an other book
Tyl fully dasybed is thy looke
And lyvest thus as an hermyte
Alle though thy abstynence is lyte
And therefore joues thurgh hys grace
Wylle that I shal bere the to a place
Whych that hys the hous of fame
And to do the sporte and game
In some recompensation
Of thy labour and deuocyon
that thou hast had / so causeles
To god Cupido the recheles
And thus thys god for hys mercyte
Wyl wyth some maner thyng the quyte
So that thou wylt be of good cheere
For trust wel / that thou shalt see
When we be comen / there I saye
No wonder thynges / I dar wel laye
And of lues folk no tydynge
Bothe sothsalbes / and lesynges
And no lues / newe begonne
And longe serued / tyl loue is wonne
And no lues casuelly
That ben kept / no man wote why
But as a slepyng man steeleth an harte
And more jolyte / and ioyfull
Whyle they fynde lous of steele
As thyngke men / and out of wele

mo dyscordis / and mo Jekusnes
mo murmures / and mo nouetnes
And also mo dyssymylacions
And eke feyned repetitions
And mo lures in lbo oures
Wythoute rasour or ysours
Y made than graynes be of sondes
And eke mo haldyng in sondes
And also mo renouelances
Of olde forleten acquayntances
mo louredays / and mo accordes
Than on Instrumentis ben cordes
And eke of loue moo eschaunges
Than euer comes lbert in graüges
Whanthe may thou trowen thys
Quod he / no so helpe me god as llys
Quod I / ne llyp quod he / for it
Were impossyble to my llyt
Though fume had alle the pyes
In alle a Royame / and alle espyes
Holb that she shold here alle thys
Or they aspen that or thys
Quod he to me / that can I preue
By wesen worthy for to leue
So that thou gyue thyn aduertence
To vnderstonde my sentence
First shal thou here llyer she dwellyth
Ryght so as thyn olden book telleth
Her palays stondeth as I shal saye
Ryght euen amyddes of the waye
Betwixen heuen / erthe / and see
That what so euer in alle the thre
Is spoken in pryue or appert
The way thereto is so smert
And stant eke in so just a place
That every solbne mote to it pace
Or what so comyth / from any tonge
Be it tolled / red or songe

As spoken in scripture / as said
Certain it made theſe new
Gods ſervice thet / for theſe 3 thyng
Telleſt the a proper thyng
And a worthy demonſtracion
In myn imagination

Geſſure / thou woteſt thet thes
That every kynde that is
Hath a kyndly ſede that he
May beſt in it conſerved be
Unto whiche place every thyng
Thurgh hys kyndly enclynge
Meueth for to come to
Thenne that is alway ther
As thus / to hou thou mayſt alday ſee
That ony thyng / that liuyeth
As ſtone or lede / or thyng of lyege
And be it neuer ſo hych on hych
Let go thy hand / it falleth down
Ryght ſo ſay I be ſure and ſoun
Or ſmoke or other thynges lyght
Allerway they ſeke ſplbardy on hych
Lyght thynges by and do lymbard charge
Whyle everyche of hem be at large
And for thes cauſe thou mayſt thet ſee
That every creature unto the ſee
Enclyned is to goo by kynde
And by theſe ſtyles I kynde
Have ſyſſes dwellyng in ſhody and ſee
And trees eke on erthe be
Thus every thyng by hys reſon
Hath hys owen proper mancion
The whiche he ſeeketh to wyper
The as it ſhold not apayre
So thes ſentenc is knowen conthe
Of every phyloſophers mouth
As Aristotle and dan Platon
And other clerkes many con

And to conferme mynason
 Thou wost wel that speche is a soun
 Or ellis noman myght it lare
 Nold heke what I wyl the lare
 Solyn is not / but eyer y broken
 And euery speche / that is spoken
 Folde or proue / folde or faye
 In hys substance is but an aye
 For as flame is but lpyghtyd smoke
 Ryght so is solne / aye y broke
 But thys may be in many wyse
 Of wyche I wyl the wyse
 As Solne cometh of pyre or harpe
 For when a pyre is sholwen sharpe
 The aye is wyse wyth violence
 And rent / so thys is my sentence
 Eke when men harpe strengis smyte
 Whether it be moche or lyte
 So wyth the serooke / the aye to breketh
 And ryght so breketh it / when men spekyth
 Thys wost thou wel / what thyng is speche
 Nold heke forth / I wyl the treche
 Hald eueryche speche / boys or solyn
 Thurgh hys multiplycation
 Though it were pyre or molse
 More nedes come to fumes holse
 By proue it thus / take heere nold
 By experiance for yf thold
 Threlde in a water nold a stone
 Wel wost thou it wyl make anone
 A lpyl roundel as a cercle
 Operaunture as brode as a couerle
 Brodder than hym self was
 And thus fro roundel to compas
 Eke aboute other goynge
 Causeth of others sterynge
 And multiplyenge euermo
 Epe it be so ferre go

It is at folke's begynnyng
Though / thou may it not see
Howe it goth / yet allwaye vnder
It is / though thou thyngke it wonder
Ande who so sayth / of trouthe I darre
Gyde hym proue the contrarye
Ande right thus / euery word p'p'ys
That shold or prync spoken is
Moueth first / in the eyer absolute
Ande of hys mouyng out of doubt
Another eyer / anon is moued
As I haue of the water proued
That euery cercle causeth other
Right so of eyer / my loue brother
Eueryche eyer in other scryeth
More ande more / ande speche by scryeth
Or boys or noys / word or folow
By thurgh multiplicacion
Tyl it be at the holbe of fame
Take it on earnest / or in game
Nolb haue I told yf thou haue mynde
Nolb speche or folow / of pure kynde
Enclyned is vnder to moue
Thys maysholb fele wel by proue
Ha . a . quod he so I can
Telldely vnto a telldo man
Speke ande shew hym such skilles
That he may take hym by the skilles
So palpable the skilles be
But telle me thys / nolb pray I the
Nolb thyngketh the / my conclusion
A good persuasion
Quod I / ande lyke to be
Right so as thou hast proued me
By god quod he / ande as I lene
Thou shalt haue yet or it be eue
Of euery word / of thys sentence
Ande all proued by experyence

Ande wyth thyn eys seen well
Top ande sayll / ande euerydell
That euer word / that spoken is
Cometh in to James hous yll
As I haue sayd / what wyll thou more
Ande wyth thys word / byer to fore
He began ande seyde by seynt Jame
Nolb wyl we speken al of game
Holt faryst thou nolb . quod he to me
Wel quod I / nolb see quod he
By thy trouth yond adoun
Where that thou knowest ony town
Or house / or ony other thyng
Ande when thou hast of ought knowyng
Take that thou warne me
Ande I anone shal telle the
Holt fer thou art nolbe ther fro
Ande I adoun gan to take the
Ande behelde felde ande ployne
Nolb hylles / ande nolb mounteynes
Nolb baleres / ande nolb forestes
Ande nolb bryneth grete bestes
Nolb ryuers / nolb grete cytes
Nolb towne / nolb grete trees
Nolb shyppe saylling in the see
But thus sone / in a whyle he
Was follen fro the ground so hye
Eat alle the world as to myn eye
Nomore semed than a pyllike
Or els the eyer was so thylke
That I myght it not deerne
Wyth that he spak to me so yerne
Ande seyde / seest thou ony token
Or ought / that in the world is of spoken
I sayd nay / no wonder is
Quod he / for neuer ha I so hye as thys
Mas Alisaunde of Maado
Kyng / ne of Rome day Sapio

That fall in dreame poynt dreame
Downe and helles and paradys
He eke the bryght Dedalus
He hys sone Myse Iohannis
That floure so hye / that the helle
Hys wynges make / and he fylt wete
In mydd the see / and there he dreynte
For whome was made a greet compleynt
Nolde to the Spylhard / quod he / thy face
And beholde this large space
Thys eye / but loke that thou ne be
A drad of hem / that thou shalt se
For in this regyon ardeyn
Dwelleth many a Cytezeyn
Of whiche speketh dan plato
These ben the epriss bestes to
And tho salve I alle the meyne
Bothe goon and also flee
So quod he / caste vp thyn eye
Se yonder to the Galaxye
The whiche men clepe the mylky weye
For it is whyt / And some perseye
Callen it wateryng strete
That ones was brente wth the helle
Whan the sonnes sone the rede
That hye Pheton wold lede
Algate hys faders carte and ge
The cart hors gan wel aspye
That he coude / no gouernaunce
And gan for to lepe and daunce
And fere hym vp and nold doun
Tyl he salde the Scorppoun
Whiche that in heuyn / a signe is yet
And he for fere / lost hys wyte
Of that / and lete the wyndes gon
Of thys hors and they anon
Up to mounte and doun descende
And to the eye and erthe frende

Eyl Iubiler / that the laste
Byn shold / and for the cart caste
So is it not a gude myschaunce
To lste a fole haue gouernaunce
Of thynges / that he can not demeyn
And wyth this word soth for to seyn
He gan allway byer to fore
And gladed me than more and more
So faythfully to me spak he
Tho gan I lste vnder me
And behelde the ayryste bestes
Chyldees mystes and tempestes
Snolbes . Hayles . wyndes / and byndes
And alle thengendryng in her kyndes
And alle the wey / thurgh which I cam
O godd quod I that made adam
Muche is thy myght and noblesse
And tho thought I vpon Boece
That wyrteth / a thought may fle so hye
Wyth fethers of philosophye
To passen eueryche Element
And he hath so fer y bent
Thenne may he see behynd his bak
Chylde and alle that I of spak
Tho gan I wawe in a wey
And seyd / I wote wel I am here
Whether in body / or in ghoost
I note yllys / but godd thou wost
For more clere entendement
Madd he me neuer yet sent
Thenne thought I on Marcyan
And eke on anteclaudyan
That soth was there dyscrecion
Of alle the kynges Regyon
As fer as I salbe the prync
And therfore I can hem beleue
Wyth that the Egle can to cry
Late he quod he thy fantasie

Wilt thou here of sterres sight
That certaynly quod? I right nought
And why quod? he / for I am old
Eles wold? I haue the toles
Quod? he / sterres names be
And alle the heuens signes be
And why? they be / no fors quod? I
Yes parde quod? he / wost thou why
Whan thou redest poetrye
Holt the goddes can stellespe
Wyrd? full / or hym or here
As the maye and othere
Or Ariones harp syn
Castor Polux or Delphyn
Or Athalantes daughters seven
Holt alle these ar sette in heuen
For though thou haue hem oft in honde
Yet nost thou where they stonde
No fors quod? I / hys is no nede
As wel I leue so god? me speke
Hem that wryten of this matere
As though I knewe her places here
And eke they shynen here so bright
I shuld? stonden alle my syght
To loke on hem / that may wel be
Quod? he / And so forth here be me
A whyle / And tho he gan to crye
That neuer herd? I thyng? so hye
Hold? by thyng here / for it is wel
Seynt Iulien be / bonne hostel
See here this hous of fame be
Mayst thou not here that I do
What quod? I this grete folke
Quod? he / that combleth by and dolyn
In fames hous / ful of tydyngis
Both of fayr speche / and of other thyngis
And of fals and so? compolned?
As wel / it is not wolded?

Herse thou not the grete stonogh
Pro parde quod? I / libel ynough
And? what solyn is it lyke quod? he
Peter lyke the styng of the see
Quod? I / aynt the rockes holde
Whan tempestes don her shippes swalde
And? that a man stand? out of doute
A myle thens and? her it wolde
Or ellis like the humblyng
After the clappe of a thondryng
Whan Ioues hath the eyer y bete
But it doth me for feer libete
May drede the not therof quod? he
It is nothyng / that I wyl geue the
Thou shalt haue no harme truly
And? wyth that word? / both he and? I
As nyght the place arriued? were
As men myght cast wyth a spere
I nyse hold but in a steele
He sette me faye on my fete
And? sayd? walke forth a paas
And? tel thy auenture and? caas
That thou shalt fynde in fumes place
Mow quod? I whyle we haue space
To speke or that I go fro the
For the loue of god? telle me
In soth that I wyl of the lete
Per thys noyse / that I here
Be as I haue herd? the telle
Of folk that forth in erth dwelle
And? here in the same wyse
As I the herd? or thys deuyse
And? that her lyues body nys
In alle that hous / that ponder is
That maketh / alle thys wolde fare
So quod? he by seynt clare
And? also wys god? helpe me
But o thyng? / I wyl warne the

of the wyche / thou wylt haue wonder
as to the hous of fame ponder
thou wolt wol comyth every speche
It nedeth not the more to tette
But Understande ryght wel thys
Whan ony speche y comey is
Unto that palays anon ryght
It wyeth lyke the same wyght
Whiche that in erthe the wordy spack
Be he clothed red or black
And hath so very hys lykenes
That spack the wordy / and thou wylt gesse
That it the same body be
Man or woman he or she
And is not thys a wonder thyng
Yes quod I / by heuens kyng
And wyth thys wordy / fare wel quod he
And here wyl I abyde the
And god of heuen sende the grace
Some good to lerne in thys place
And I of hym toke leue anon
And gan forth to the palays gon

Explicit liber secundus
Incipit liber Tercius

God of science and of wyght
Apollo thurgh thy grete myght
Thys lytel last boke / thou nolt gre
Not that I wyl for maysterye
Here arte poetical be scholdy
But the ryme that is so leldy
Made it somewhat agreeable
Though some vers faylle syllable
And that I do no dyligence
To shewe craft / but sentence
And yf dyuine Vertu thou
Wilt helpe me to shewe nolt

That in my hede markyd is
So that is for to meuen thys
The house of fame to dyscreue
Thou shalt see me go as blyue
Unto the next laboure I see
And kysse it for it is thy tre
Now entre in to my brest anon
Whan I was from the Egge gon
I gan beholde vpon thys place
And certayn or I further pace
I wyl you alle the shap deuyse
Of house of Epte / and of the wyse
How I gan to the place approche
That stant vpon so hye a rocke
Eter standeth none so hye in spayne
But by I clam wyth moche payne
And though to clymbe / it greuyn me
Yet I ententyf was to see
And for to poure wonder tolde
Yef I coude ony wyse knowe
What maner stone thys rocke was
For it was lyke a lymed glas
But that it felbed more clere
But of what congeled matere
It was / I ne wylt redely
But at the last espyed I
And fonde that it was euerydele
A rocke of yse / and not of steel
Thought I by seynt Thomas of Kent
Thys were a feble foundement
To bylden on / a place so hye
He aught hym wel to glorifye
That heron bylt so good me saue
Tho salbe I alle the halle y graue
Wyth famous folkes names felde
That haue ben in moche wele
And her fames wyde sholde
But wel vnnethe myght I knowe

Names for to write
Names / for out of books
Wherby almost outtholbed / so
And of the letters / one or two
Wen' melle alday / of every name
So famous was they her fame
But men say / what may ever laste
Tho gan I in myn herte caste
That they were melle alday for herte
And not alday wyth stormes bete
For on that other syde / I saye
On thys hyl that northward lay
Holt it was breton ful of names
Of folk that had afore grete fames
Of olde tyme / And yet they were
As fressh as men had breton hem there
The self day / or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure
But wel I wyste / what it made
It was conseruyd / wyth the shade
Of a castel / that so stode on hys
Alle the wytyng that I sye
And stode eke in so colde a place
That herte myght it not deface
Tho gan I on thys hyl to gon
And fonde on the cope a bone
That alle the men that ben on lyue
He han the conyng to dyscreue
The beaute of that plike place
He coude caste the compare
Suche an other for to make
That myght of beaute be hys make
He so wonderly y wrought
That it askyng / yet my thought
And maketh alle my wyte to synke
On thys caste for to thynke
So that the grete beaute
The arte craft and curiosite

He say I not to polle drupe
My wytt may it not suffyse
But nethels alle the fulfaymer
I haue yet in my remembraunce
For why / me thought by kynne gyle
Alle was of stone of temple
Bothe the castel and the towre
And eke the halle and every four
Wythout piers or joyntynge
But many subtyl compassynges
As tabernacles and pyrnacles
Pyngers and tabernacles
I saue eke and ful of wyndolbes
No flakes fallow in grete snolbes
And eke in every of eke pyrnacles
Were sondry habytacles
In wyche stoden alle they wythouten
Ful the castel all abouten
Of alle maner of mynstrallis
And gestours that tellen tales
Bothe of wepyng / and of game
And of alle / that lungech into fame
There herd I pley on an harpe
That solned wel and sharpe
Bym Orpheus ful craftely
And on his syde fast by
Sat the harper / Orpheus
And gaides Chyryon
And other harpers many one
And the byrton Glasbyrton
And smale harpers / wyth hir gloyes
Sat vnder hem in dyuerse seyes
And gon on hem bylbarde to gape
And counterfeted hem as an ape
Or as craft counterfete kynde
Eke saue I hem behynde
A fer from hem / as by hem selue
Many thousand tyme libelus

And make blode signifyinge
And many an other / ppe
That wastely began to ppe
Weste in dolour and in we
That lay at festes togh the harte
And many a shyte and lyeinge song
And ppe made of stee of cor
As haue those tytel herde gromes
That lyeen lesis in the brome
There salbe 3 thenne day Cythere
And of Attenes / day proscus
The Marcia / that list her shyte
Both in face . body and chyn
For that she wolde enuyen to
To ppen bet than Apollo
There salbe 3 eke / famous olde and yonge
Chymers of the ducte tonge
To lerne howe dauncis springes
Reys / and the strange thynges
The salbe 3 in an other place
Standynge in a large spate
Of hem that maken blody solby
In tromp lene and claryon
For in fyghe / and blood shedynge
Is shed good claryonynge
There herde 3 trompe messenus
Of whom that spekech Burgisus
There herde 3 Joab trompe also
Theodonas and ether moo
And alle that shed claryon
In Castyle Lyon and Aragon
That in her tymes / famous were
To lerne / salbe 3 trompe them
The salbe 3 speke in her lere
Thynge vpon ether leas
And I can not neuene
And thus stedis lay in lene

Of wyche I myl / as now not tyme
For eke of you / And lyste of tyme
For tyme y lost that knowe ye
By no wey / recouered may be
Eke salbe I pley jogelers
Magicians and trageours
And phetonssees and charmettes
Oke wychees and sorceresses
That ben exorcisations
And many other Inuocations
And clerkes that conne wel
Alle thys magyk naturel
That craftely do her ententes
To maken in certayn ascendent
Ymages to / thurgh such magyk
To make a man / hole or seke
Eke salbe I the quene Medea
And Circe eke / and Caliopeia
Eke salbe I hermes / lullenus
Epimete / and eke Symon magus
Eke salbe I and knele hym by name
That by such arte don may fame
Eke salbe I / colle tregetour
Upon a table of Sycomour
Wryte / an vncouth thyng to telle
I salbe hym carpe a wyndy mette
Vnder a balnour shale
What shold I make lenger tale
Of alle the peple that I say
I coude not telle tyl domesday
Whan I had alle thys folke beholde
And fonde me loos / and not holde
And eft I mused a lenger wyche
Upon thys wall of Beryle
That shone lyghter than a glas
And made it wel more than it was
As wynde thyng of fame is
And thenne anon after thys

gyn forth comyn but I found
the castel / that on my ryght hand
Whiche so that comyn was
That neuer such an other nas
And yet it was by aventure
I brought by gytte and subtil cure
It nedeth not yow for to telle
To make yow longer to dwelle
Of these paces sturp / thynge
Ne of compas ne of keruynges
Ne how the backynge in masonryes
As corbettis / and ymageryes
But lord! so feyr it was to shewe
For it was alle of golde beke
But in I wente and that anon
There mette I manye many one
A larget / A larget by hold well
God saue the lady of this yle
Our olde gentyle lady same
And hem that wylleth to haue a name
Of us / thus herd I cryen alle
And fast comen out of the halle
And shoke nobles / and sterlynges
And crowned were they as kynges
With crownes brought ful of lesynges
And many reyn and many thynges
Were in her clothes truly
Tho at laste / aspyed I
That pursenauntis and heraldes
That cryen ryche folkis salutes
It weren alle / and every man
Of them as I yow telle can
Had on hym throlde a besure
Whiche men clepe a cote Armure
Enrolldred wonderly ryche
Alle though they weren not pelyche
But not by I so mote I thynke
We aboute to dyscreue

Alke thyse armes what they were
That they thus on her coates were
For it to me were impossible
Men myght make of hem a bylle
Twenty fote thycke as I tolde
For certayn who so coude knowe
Myght there alle the armes see
Of famous folk that had be
In Affricque / Europe / ande Asye
Byth first & chyualers
So folke shold I telle alle thys
Ne of the halle eke / what nede is
To tellen yow that every wal
Of it / ande woof ande fure wyth al
Was plated half a fote thycke
Of gold / ande that was not wythe
But to prouf in alle wyse
As fyn as doket of Venys
Of wyche to lye in my polster is
Ande were sette as thyck as olde wyche
Ful of the fynest stonys fayne
That men wden in the lappdayer
Or as grasses growen in a mede
But it were al to longe to teld
The names / Ande therefore I pass
But in thys ryche lusty place
That fames halle / callede was
Ful moche pries of folk / ther was
No growyng for somoch pries
But al an hys vpon a dore
Sat on a See Emperyal
That was made of a Ruby Ryall
Wyche a Carbuncle is y callid
I salbe perpetuelly y stalkid
A sempyny Creature
That neuer formede by nature
Suche Another thyng I say
For altherfyrst soth to say

I thought / that she was so blyss
That the lengthe of a Cubyte
Was longer than she seemed to be
But thus soon in a whyle she
Dre self / the wonderly strengest
That wyth her feet she thereto wright
And wyth her hede she toldechyd / thus
That as shyneth the sterres seem
And thereto yet as to my wyte
I salbe as greet a wonder yet
Upon her eyes to beholde
But certeynly / I hem neuer tolde
For as fele eyes had she
As feathers upon folkes be
Or weren on the bestis four
That goddis throne can honour
As wytheth John in the Apocalyps
Her feet that was olbudy and appes
As burnyd gold / shone / as for to see
And soth to tellen also she
Had also fele stondynge eris
And tonges / as on a beste ben heris
And on her feet woynen salbe I
Charactres wynges redly
But lord the perry and rchesse
I salbe syttinge on the goddesse
And the huenly melodye
Of songes ful of Armony
I herde about her throne y songe
That alle the palays wal wonge
So songe the myghty muse she
That clepyd is Calpope
And her seven susteren eke
That in her faces seeme meke
And evermore eternally
The songe of fame tho herd I
Drepyd be thou and thy name
Goddesse of Venus and of fame

Tho was I ware at the laste
As I myn eye gan to caste
That this ylle noble quene
On her shulders gan sustene
Bothe Armes and the name
Of tho that had large fame
Alysandre and Hercules
That wyth a shere hys tof lees
And thus fonde I syttinge this goddesse
In nobles honour and rychesse
Of whiche I seynt a wyse nold
Other thynges to tellen yow
Tho salbe I stonde on thother syde
Strayt down to the doris wyde
From the deys many a pyler
Of metal that shone not ful cleer
But though they were of no ryches
Yet were they made for grete nobles
And in hem grete sentence
And folk of grete and dygne reverence
Of whiche to telle wyll I fonde
Upon a pyler salbe I stonde
Aderfysse / ther I seyghe
Upon a pyler stonde an hys
That was of lode and of goud fyne
Hym that wrote thades dyuine
The Ebrah Josphus the olde
That of Jelles gestis tolde
And lare upon hys sholdres hym
The fame by of the Jellberys
And by hym / ther stoden [seuene]
Wyse and worthy / for to neuene
To helpe hym lere by the charge
It was so huy and so large
And for they wyrt of lacylles
As wel as of other meruaylles
Therfor was to this pyler
Of whiche I you telle lere

And the only way to the gate
The way that leads to the gate
Which is the way of the
And the way of the
Is the way of the
That is the way of the
To stand forth on every side
Of him / which I can know
Though I by order him not know
To make you to know the difference
That of which I can know
The false I stand out of the
Upon a pillar high and strong
That is the way of the
With the way of the
The way of the
That is the way of the
Upon the way of the
Also of the way of the
And by him without the
Full wonder high upon a pillar
Of the way of the
And with him the way of the
Before and after the way of the
And the way of the
And the way of the
And the way of the
And the way of the
Was the way of the
So the way of the
That for to be it was no game
But yet I can know the way of the
Which is the way of the
Other say that the way of the
The way of the
And the way of the
Which is the way of the
The way of the
The way of the
The way of the

Tha liche path (Wynne)
That hath be to a liche liche
The same of chine Enes
And yet on a pyle has
Of Court / Venus chide Oude
That hath folow wonder liche
The gude god of hys / hys fame
And that he be to hys name
Wynne hys pyle / also hys
As I myght see hys liche myn eye
For liche hys halle / liche of I was
Was liche on liche / length and liche
Wel more by a thousand liche
Than it was erst / that hath I liche
The hath I on a pyle by
Of pyle brought ful sternly
The gude poete dan Lucan
That on hys sholdres liche by than
As hys as I myght see
The name of Julius and Pompe
And by hys stode alle these clerkis
That liche of Romes myght liche
That if I hold hys names liche
Also liche must I liche
And thence by a pyle stode
Of Sulphur liche as he liche liche
Dan Elandian liche for to liche
That liche by alle the same of liche
Of chine and of Prosperyne
That quene is of the derke pyle
What liche I more liche of hys
The liche liche al ful pyle
Of hys that liche old liche
As liche in liche liche liche
Wen alle hys liche for to liche
But it is a ful confuse liche
That liche of liche and liche liche
But liche that I liche that liche

And a night mynister
And forth as they say in the song
And for tyme of outcomynge
Wight such a murtherynge
For alle the world; fomed; me
So gan I hke aboute me and for
That ther come entrynge in to the halle
A right grete company wyth alle
And that of sondry weapons
Of alle kyns condicions
That dwelle in erthe Under the mone
Houre and; tye; and; also sone
As they were come in to the halle
They gonne on knees downe falle
Before this ylle noble quene
And; seide graunte us lady shene
Eche of us / of thy grace a sone
And; some of hem / she graunted; sone
And; some she warned; wel and; sayn
And; some she graunted; the contrayn
What ther grace was I nyse
For of this folk ful wel I wyse
They had; good; fame eche deserved;
Alle though they were dyversly served;
Right as her suster dame fortune
So went to serve in Comune
Nob; herne nob; she gan to paye
Hem / that gan her of grace praye
And; yet so / alle this companye
Seyden forth / and; not a ly
Madame sayd; they / we be
Folke / that we leschen the
That thou graunte us nob; good; fame
And; let our livers have good; name
In ful recompensacioun
Of good; livers / peir us knowen
For we polb quod; shene
For of us good; fame non

By god / and therfore go your way
Alas / quod they and the walwey
Telle us what your cause is
For me list not it / quod she
No wyght shal speke ylys
God no harme / ne that ne thys
And wyth that word she gan to calle
Her messenger that was in halle
And sad that he shold fast gon
Upon pyne to be blynd anon
For Eolus / the god of wynde
By traie / ther ys shal hym fynde
And byd hym bringe hys clarpon
That is ful dyuerse of hys solon
And it is claped clere lalode
Wyth wyche he wout is to kralode
Hem that me list y pressed be
And also byd hym / hold that he
Bringe eke hys other clarpon
That hyght sklauder in euery solon
In wyche he wout is to defame
Hem that me liste / and do hem shame
Thys messenger gan fast to goon
And fonde where in a caue of stoon
In a contre that hyght Trax
Thys Eolus wyth hardy grace
Helde the wyndes in dystresse
And gan hem vnder hym to presse
That they gonre as the leues were
By bonde and pressed hem so sore
Thys messenger gan fast crye
Ryse up quod he / and fast the hye
Tyl thou at my lady be
And take thy clarions eke wyth the
And spede the faste / and be anon
Toke to one that hyght Triton
Hys clarpon to brenn tho
And let a certayn wynd go

And thus so hyderly and by
And it left not a speke
By alle the welkyn king and brood
Thys Solus nobler a good
Tyl he was come at fumes fete
Ande eke the man that Tryton seke
Ande there he stode as stele as stone
Ande here byschal ther cam anon
An other huge Company
Of old folke / ande gan to cry
Lady graunte us nobl good fame
Ande lete our werkys haue that name
Nobl in honour ande gentylnes
Ande also god your solde bles
For we han wel deserved it
Therefore is ryght / that we be quyt
As thyrur I quode she ye shal saylle
Good werkis shal you not awaylle
To haue of me good fame as nobl
But wote ye what / I graunt you
That ye shal haue a shrelod name
Ande bycked hos / ande werse fayne
Though ye good hos haue wel deserved
Nobl goth your way / for ye ben scrupel
Ande thow dan Solus / quode she
Take forth thy trompe anon lete for
That is I clepede sklauder lyght
Ande sholwe her hos / that every wyght
Speke of hem harme ande sheldones
In stece of good ande worthynes
For thou shalt trompe alle the contrayre
That they haue don / wel ande fayer
Alas thought I what auentures
Haue thys for creatures
That they amonge alle the pres
Shuld thus be shamede gyttles
What what it must nedes be
What did thys Solus but he

Tolke out hys black trompe of lras
That folbler than the deyl was
And? gan thys trompe for to sholbe
As alle the world? shold? ouer throlbe
Thurgh out euery weyoun
Wente hys folble trompes solby
As swyft as a pelet / out of a gonne
Whan fyre is in to it wonne
And? such a smoke / gan out wende
Out of the folble trompes ende
Black / bl / greyn / whartysht we
As doth / whan men melle lede
Lo al on hys / from the welle
And? ther to one thyng? salb? wel
That the fer ther / that it canne
The gretter wayen / it began
As doth the Pyuer from a welle
And? it stank / as the pyt of helle
Alas thus was her shame y wonge
And? gyltles / on euery tonge
Tho cam the thyrd? compaign
And? cam vp to the deys on hys
And? down on knees / they fell anon
And? seyden / they ken euerychon
Folk that han ful treibly
Deserued? fame rightfully
And? prayd? hys myght be knolbe
Ryght as it is and? forth sholbe
I graunt quod? she for nold me lyste
That nold your good? werkis ken lyste
And? yet ye shal haue better doos
Ryght in despyte of alle your foos
Than worthy is / and? that anone
Fete nold quod? she / thy trompe gone
Thou Colus / that is so blacke
And? oute thyn other trompe take
That hyght salbe / And? sholbe it so
That thurgh the world? / her fame go

Ande effe / ande not to fafte
What it he knowen at the lafte
But gladly / lady myn he seyde
Ande out hys trompe of gold he keepde
Anone / ande set it to hys mouth
Ande blew it east . west . ande south
Ande north as colde as ony thonder
That euery wyght hath of it wonder
So brode it ran on that it stente
Ande cotes alle the breth that wente
Out of hys trompe / it smellyde
As men a pyt ful of salome feled
Amonge a basket ful of Roses
Thys fauour dyde he to her boyes
Ande ryght wyth thys I gan espye
Eke cam the fourth compaign
But certeyn they were wonder felde
Ande gonne to stonde on a telde
Ande sayden certes lady bryght
We haue don wel / wyth al our myght
But we ne hope to haue fame
Hyde our werkys ande our name
For goddes loue / for certes we
Haue certeyn don hyt for bounte
Ande for no maner other thyng
I graunte you alle your askyng
Quod she / lete alle your werkys be dede
Wyth that aboute I turnede myn hede
Ande salde anon the fyrst wyld
That to thys lady gan solde
Ande down anon on knees falle
Ande her, the besoughten alle
To hyde her good werkys eke
Ande seyde they yeue not a leke
For fame ne such renoun
For they for contemplacioun
Ande goddis loue had it brough
Of fame wold they nought

What quod? she / he ye hood?
And? bene ye to do good?
And? for to haue of that no fame
Haue ye despyte to haue a name
May ye shal euerychon
Scholbe thy trompe and? that anon
Quod? she thou Solus / I hope
And? ryngge thyse folkes luerkis by note
That alle the world? may of it hore
And? he gan scholbe her hore so clere
In hys golden clarioun
That thurgh the world? wente the soun
And? so kyndely / and? eke so softe
That theyr fame was she be a softe
Tho cam the syt compaigne
And? gan faste / to fame aye
Ryght verily in thys manere
They seyden mercy lady deere
To telle wryte as it is
We haue don neyther that ne thys
But yde alle our lyf hath be
But netheles we praye the
That we may haue so good? a fame
And? grete renom and? knolben name
As they that haue do noble gestis
And? eschelyp? alle her bestes
As wel of loue / as other thyng
Al was he / neuer broche ne ryng
Ne ellis what few women sent
He ones in her hert y ment
To make he frendly chere
But mought women he vpon here
Yet let he to the peple seme
Suche as the world? / may of he deme
That wom men loued? he for hode
That shal do he as moche gode
And? to our hert as moche auayle
To cownterpoise eke and? trauayle

[illegible]

Thou Colus / thou king of lare
So shold thyse folke a fery gaur
Quod she anon / ande thou then telle
As I shal telle the ryghte wold
Say / these say they / that holden honoure
Haue / ande do no kyns labour
Ande do no good / ande yet they sayde
That maye wende / that be I sayde
He coude hem not of loue lerne
Ande yet she that grent at quene
Is al to good / to ese her herte
Thys Colus anon by sette
Ande wyth hye blacke clarpoun
Began to blasphem out a soun
As shold as hellysh wynde in helle
Ande eke ther wyth soth to telle
Thys solyn was ful of japes
As euer molles were in Apes
Ande that wende the world aboute
That euery wyght gan on hem shoute
Ande for to talke / as they were wood
Suche game fonde they in her mode
Tho cam there another compaigne
That had y doon the trecherye
The harme ande gyle wyckednesse
That euery herte coude gesse
Ande prayde hem to haue good frons
Ande that she nolde do hem no shame
But geue hem hos ande good renoun
Ande do it shold in clarpoun
Maye wys quod she / it were a byer
Like to there in me no juster
Me lyf not so do it nold
He I no wyll graunte it yold
Tho cam there crepyng in a wylde
Ande gan cla pe al aboute
Euery man upon the Erthne
That alle the halke gan folde

And thus I praye that ande thus
I praye for you as ye may see
In this alle the tale a myght
For the shrewdest every myght
Ande thus I praye in myghte
As good folk haue in goodnes
Ande joye to be knowen shrewdest
Ande ful of byt ande bychede helles
Wherefore I praye you on a wylle
That our fame be such y knowe
In alle thyngs such as it is
I graunte it yow quod the yllys
But what art thou / that seyst this tale
That werest on thy hofe a pale
Ande on thy tyeet such a belle
Madame quod he soth to telle
I am that yllie shrewdest yllys
That brente the temple of yfidis
In Athenes is that cyte
Ande wherefor dedest thou so quod she
By my trouthe quod he madame
I wold sayn haue had a fame
As other folke had / in the wolde
Alle though they were of grete renoun
For her vertu ande her shewes
Thought I / as grete fame haue shewes
Though it be for shrewdnes
As good folk haue for goodnes
Ande sythen I may not haue that on
That other myl I not forgoon
As for to gete a fame here
The temple sette I on fyre
Ande late our hofe be shalwe shewes
As bytten be thou euer shewes
Quod she / thou Colus
Durst thou not / what they mayen be
Madame yes ful wel quod he
Ande I wyl trompen it parde

Ande toke hye blacke trompe faste
Ande gan to puffer ande to blasfe
Tyl it was at the worldes ende
Wpith that I gan aboute wende
For one / that stode at my backe
Me thought ful goodly to me spake
Ande seyde fawnde what is thy name
Art thou come heder to haue fame
May forsoth fawnde quode I
I come not hether graunerce
For no suche cause by my hede
Suffyshe me / as I were dede
That no wyght haue my name in honde
I wote my self best how I stonde
For what I drepe or what I thynke
I wyl my self alle hys dreynke
Certeyn for the more parte
As ferforth as I can myn Arde
What dost thou here thenne quode he
Quode I that wyl I telle the
The cause why I stonde here
Some nelbe tydynge forto tell
Some nelbe thyng I not what
Tydynge cyther thys or that
Of loue or suche thynges glade
For certeynly he that me made
To come heder sayde to me
I shulde lothe here ande see
In thys place wonder thynges
But these be no suche tydynge
As I mente / noo quode he
Ande I answerde / noo parde
For wel I wote / euer yet
Wpith that fyrst I hade wptte
That some folke / han desirede fame
Dyuersly ande howe ande name
But certeynly I nyste ner how
Where that fame dwellyth / or nolle

of the description
the alle of the condition
the the endes of the dome
Iwelle I not tpe I better come
Iwelle Iwelle Iwelle Iwelle
That thou nold better bringes
That thou hast herd quode he to me
But nold no force / for Iwel I see
What thou desirest for to here
Come forth and stonde no longer here
And I Iwel the Iwellehouten dride
In to such another place lide
There thou shalt here many one
The gan I forth Iwelle hym goon
Oute of the castel soth to sape
The salbe I stonde in a valeys
Sonder a castel fast by
An hous lyke to domus dedaly
That laborintus y cleped is
Has made so wonderly pyllys
He half so queyntly ylbrought
And euermo as swyft as thought
Thys queynt hous aboute wente
That neuermo styll it stente
And ther come oute so grete a noyse
That yf I had stonde upon oyle
I myght it haue herd easely
To Rome I trow slyly
And the noyse Iwelle I had herd
For alle the world ryght so it herd
As doth the Fowtynge of the stone
That fro the engyne is leyn gone
And al thys hous of Iwelle I red
Was made of Iwelle fahly red
And gume eke / and some Iwelle Iwelle
Such as men to these gates Iwelle
The making of these paners
The making of these paners
The making of these paners

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Explicit

I fynde nomore of this werke so fore sayd/ For as fer as I can
Vnderstode/ This noble man Geoffrey Chaucer fynysshyd at the
sayd conclusion of the metyng of lesyng and sothsalpe/ Wher
as yet they ben cheked and maye not departe/ Whiche werke as
me semeth is craftyly made/ and dygne to be lreton & knolben /
For he wolchyth in it ryght grette wysedom & subtyll Vnderston-
dyng/ And so in alle hys werkes he exccellyth in myn oppyny-
on alle other wyrters in our Englyssh/ For he wyrteth no foly-
de wordes / But alle hys mater is ful of hys and quene senten-
ce / to whom oughe to be gyuen laude and preyssyng for hys noi-
ble makyng and wyrtynge/ For of hym alle other haue lered
syn and taken / in alle theyr wel sayeng and wyrtynge/ And
I humbly beseeche & praye yow/ amonge your prayers to remem-
ber hys soule / on whiche and on alle crysten soules I beseeche al
myghty god to haue mercy Amen

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[illegible]